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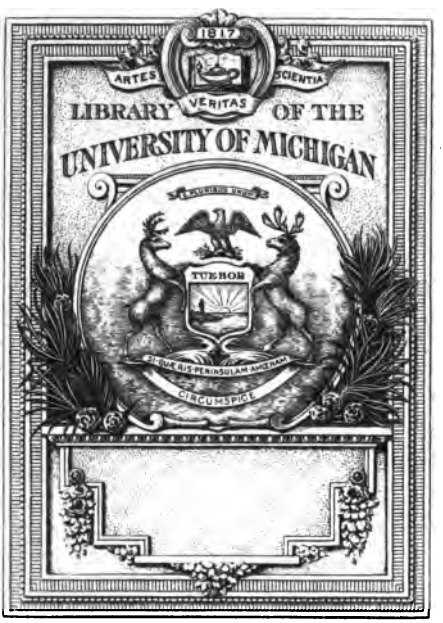
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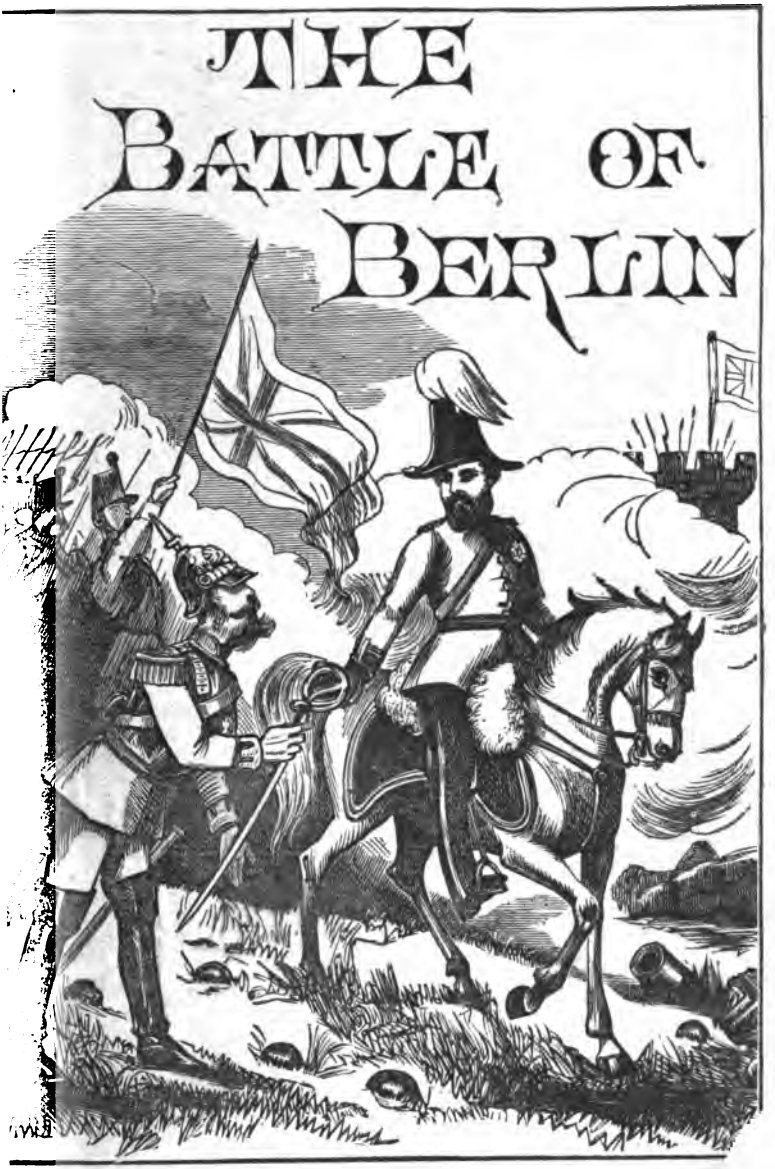

CHAPTERS FROM FUTURE HISTORY.

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THE

BATTLE OF BERLIN.

(DIE SCHLACHT VON KÖNIGSBERG.)

BY

MOTLY RANKE McCAULEY.

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THE

BATTLE OF BERLIN.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE DECLARATION OF WAR.

THUS the four years, following the great Franco-German War, passed, as we have just described, in comparative peace, unbroken, save by the almost bloodless revolutions which transformed Italy and Spain into republics. The election of the Duc d'Aumale to the Chief Executive of the French Republic, and of Mr. John T. Hoffman to the Presidency of the United States of America, and the formation, in England, of a Conservative-Liberal party, as a temporary safeguard against the steady advance of the Radicals, have already been fully discussed. Upon a peaceful world, content with its prosperity and plenty, and unmindful of Prusso-Russian intrigues, the incidents which we are about to narrate burst like a clap of thunder from a clear sky.

It was on the 22nd of March, 1875, that the Emperor of Germany addressed to Sir Odo Russell, the

English Ambassador at Berlin, those memorable words which changed the destinies of Europe. In the grand hall of the Altes Schloss, the representatives of the various Courts were assembled to congratulate the Kaiser upon his birthday. The Emperor entered, attended by his usual suite, the Crown Prince walking by his side and Prince Von Bismarck smiling grimly behind him, like Mephistopheles accompanying another Faust. The aspect of the Kaiser was sad and solemn. Those present report that his eyes were fixed upon the ground as he passed along the brilliant line of Ministers, and that he received their congratulations as if the good-wishes were words of woe. A profound silence fell upon the assemblage. Every one felt that some event of importance was imminent. Only Prince Von Bismarck, with his sardonically smiling face, seemed to deny the gravity of the occasion.

At length the Kaiser, after passing, without a word, the representatives of France, Spain, and Austria, simply bowing his venerable head in response to their salutations, stopped suddenly in front of the English Ambassador, raised his eyes Heavenward, and, in a deep voice of real or assumed piety, exclaimed, "The flock is not complete while one lamb remains without the fold. The Lord has given us Heligoland and we must work the will of the Lord." From the suite, led distinctly by Prince Von Bismarck and the Crown Prince, came a muttered "Amen!" As if relieved from a mighty burden, the Kaiser then strode briskly onward, shook hands heartily with Baron Brunnow, the Russian Ambassador, and almost instantly disappeared through the swing doors. The suite followed as rapidly, except Prince Von Bismarck, who, after attending the Kaiser to the door, turned and hurried back to the Ministers, gaily exclaiming, "You seem startled, gentlemen." "Excuse me," said Sir Odo Russell, advancing from the diplomatic circle, "I have news for England." In another instant he had quitted the Apartment, the sarcastic chuckle of the

Chancellor reaching his ears as he went. Within three hours after, he had demanded and received his passports and was on his way to London. The world then knew that the Anglo-German war, so long predicted, was an accomplished fact.

The mighty news which weighed down the telegraph wires on the afternoon of the 22nd of March, found England apparently unprepared. If the motive of Prince Von Bismarck's carefully planned *coup* were to gain a great surprise, he certainly succeeded in his object. England, like a man who is suddenly struck an unexpected blow by a friendly hand, instantly resented the shock. Parliament was in session when the brief telegram from Sir Odo arrived, and the first intimation which the House had of the international crisis was the rapid emptying of the front Ministerial benches. Lord Derby had summoned a cabinet meeting at Downing Street. The cause of the sudden Cabinet Council speedily filtered through official sources into the House and was declaimed by honorable members to the crowd outside. Palace Yard was packed with people, who received the ministers with tremendous cheering. As Lord Derby pushed his way up to the entrance the dull booming of the Great Bell at St. Paul's added its thunder to the hurrahs of the populace. The news had been telegraphed from Berlin to the Royal Exchange and was surging westward, the crest of a gigantic wave of martial enthusiasm. Presently the jangle of church bells was heard, and from all quarters, on both sides of the river, thousands of men, women and children rushed towards St. Stephens. In the House the excitement was overwhelming. Members jumped up and down in a frenzy and uttered inarticulate cries. The outside crowd filled the lobbies and its leaders appeared inside the very doors of the House. Mr. Disraeli rose, amid a torrent of indescribable ejaculations, which first resolved themselves into nine hearty cheers and were then succeeded by a pregnant silence. The right hon the Chancellor

of the Exchequer said: "Mr. Speaker, I hold in my hand a telegram which is virtually a declaration of war by the Emperor of Germany against England. The Emperor demands of us the surrender of Heligoland. In reply to this demand, Sir Odo Russell has asked for his passports. The Government have approved his decided action. We accept the challenge of Germany (Great Cheering). To-night I shall ask the House to sanction the votes we require (cheering). They will be very few; for, although taken by surprise, we are quite ready." With cheers, shouts, shakings of hands and patriotic cries the House adjourned until evening.

Prompt as had been the decision and action of the Government, the people of London had forestalled them. A cipher dispatch to Lloyds had followed close upon the Government message and was at once translated and posted on 'Change. The tumult in the Stock Exchange was beyond description. Hoarse with hurrahing, the members recuperated themselves by assaulting those Germans who had not fled from the Exchange. As if by magic, subscription papers were prepared and passed from broker to broker, from office to office, from shop to shop. At five o'clock p.m. the Lord Mayor announced from the steps of the Mansion House that a War Fund of £8,000,000 had been subscribed. Before the Board closed, at three p.m., Consols had advanced three per cent. No one dared to offer to buy German Stocks. At first throughout the City, and then everywhere in the Metropolis, business was suspended and the people poured into the streets. The windows of shops bearing German names were smashed. The German bands were caught, compelled to play "Rule Britannia," and then kicked and hustled out of sight. The newspapers, in extra editions, published the Government and Lloyd's telegrams and were purchased by tens of thousands. Volunteers in uniform hastened to their drill-rooms. As night approached it was observed that, by general consent, London was to

be illuminated. At the King's Cross Market a serious riot occurred, the hall of the Turnerverein being stormed and sacked. For a few hours no German was safe from the populace. What with the illuminations, the bonfires, the cheering, the patriotic songs, the clangour of bells, the moving masses of people, London seemed to be celebrating a saturnalium of joy, and the same phenomena were observable in every city, town and village in the kingdom. In every place that contained a military depôt hundreds of persons applied to be entered as recruits hours before Government had issued the necessary orders to receive them. This fact alone shows the strength of the public sentiment and the popularity of war.

The London newspapers of the period place before us, with photographic accuracy, the exact situation of affairs. The Right Hon. W. E. Forster, Minister of Public Education, had been appointed to supervise the press during the war, with the public consent—and, indeed, at the private request,—of the conductors of the principal journals, so that the contents of these papers may, in effect, be regarded as official. Perhaps the only exception to this rule was a special telegram from Berlin to the *Times*, published on the 23rd of March, and supposed to be inspired by Prince Von Bismarck himself, promising the publication of the draft of a Secret Treaty by which England and France had agreed to divide Belgium and Holland between them; but a curt editorial note, appended to this telegram, discredited the despatch and denounced the Treaty as a forgery. Turning first, with natural curiosity, to the attitude of Ireland, we find all local considerations merged in a sense of the national peril. From Dublin, Cork, Belfast, Galway, Cavan, Limerick and other principal cities and towns, the accounts were most reassuring to those who had fancied that the Fenian outbreaks of 1868-69 had still left smouldering fires. In every part of Ireland recruits presented themselves

in greater numbers than could be immediately enrolled. The prospect of a campaign inspired the Irish people with their old love of glory, and the announcement that H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge was on his way to Dublin to supervise the organization of the Irish forces gave the utmost satisfaction to both regulars and volunteers. The sister island burst into a blaze of martial ardour. Scotland, less demonstrative but quite as determined, only awaited orders from the War Office to fill up its quota of the levy of volunteers. The sole discordant note in the chorus of national enthusiasm was a proposition, signed by Jacob Bright, M.P., Hepworth Dixon, M.P., and Edmond Beales, M.P., that, in case of a conscription, substitutes by purchase should be permitted. No one else talked of a conscription. Everybody was ready to volunteer for the War.

Correctly appreciating the public sentiment, Viscount Gladstone suggested, in the House of Lords, that an Act should be passed enabling the Government to accept volunteers for the duration of the War only, allowing them the same privileges and pensions enjoyed by the regular troops. The Marquis of Salisbury, Secretary of State for War, at once adopted this suggestion, and the necessary Bill passed through both Houses of the Legislature without a division. Nevertheless, Mr. Rylands opposed the Bill on the ground of economy, and Mr. Labouchere, drawing largely upon his personal experiences during the Siege of Paris (in 1870-71), pronounced an eloquent oration in favour of peace at any price. Such was the temper of the populace that both hon. members were mobbed and thrown into the Thames upon attempting to leave the House. There can be no doubt that this action of Government solved a thousand difficulties, and opened the door by which all those who had hitherto hesitated between patriotism and private business passed gladly into the service of their country. Its immediate effect

was almost miraculous. The regiments of Volunteers became the *corps d'élite*. The parks, the cricket-grounds, the commons, and even the large gardens in London and throughout the country were occupied, from morning to night, as drill-grounds. Everywhere the recruits, as they marched to and from these extemporized head-quarters, were greeted with cheers, and every window was gay with flags and banners. When it became known that the Government had decided to call for an active army of 200,000 men—80,000 Regulars, 60,000 Militia, and 60,000 Volunteers — the greatest disappointment was expressed, and daily deputations waited upon the War Minister to induce him to accept the services of at least 100,000 additional Volunteers, who were eager to be sent to the front, and most of whom offered to provide arms at their own expense.

Within forty-eight hours from the arrival of Sir Odo Russell's telegram, and before the reception of the formal declaration of war at Berlin, the Marquis of Salisbury had submitted to the Cabinet and issued telegraphic orders for the prompt execution of a scheme for the immediate defence of England in case the Prussians should attempt an invasion. The forts upon the sea-coast were fully manned and supplied with war material; the ironclad squadron, under Sir Henry Keppel, recalled from Gibraltar, was ordered to reinforce the Channel fleet, under Sir Sydney Dacres, and guard the most accessible points. To the *Agincourt*, commanded by Post-Captain Lord Guildford, was entrusted the special duty of blockading Wilhelmshaven. Her Majesty the Queen was met by Lord Derby, on her journey from Balmoral, and advised to proceed to Windsor Castle. At his own request, Lieutenant-General His Serene Highness Prince Christian was given the command of the regiments detailed to guard the Royal person; but as an additional precaution, and, it is said, at Her Majesty's own

request, the Victoria Rifles (Col. the Hon. Talbot Smith) encamped upon the slopes before the Castle. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who was tendered the honorary command of a brigade detailed to support the sea-battery at New Brighton, defending Liverpool, insisted upon more active service, and was permitted to retain the colonelcy of the Twelfth Hussars; but was subsequently transferred to the command of the corps guarding the arsenals at Brussels. H.R.H. Prince Alfred (Duke of Edinburgh), on board the ironclad *Hector*, and His Serene Highness the Prince of Leinengen, on board Her Majesty's yacht, the *Victoria and Albert*, defended the Water Palace at Osborne. H.R.H. Prince Arthur was despatched in a fleet steamship to Canada, but his mission proving unnecessary, he returned to England, before the close of the war, after a diplomatic visit to Washington. To the Duke of Saxe Coburg, who had offered his sword by telegraph to the Queen, was assigned the defence of Balmoral Castle and the surrounding country. The entire Home defences were entrusted to Viscount Strathnairn, who was with difficulty persuaded to abandon his hopes of facing the enemy in the field. But by the unanimous summons of the whole country, echoed rather than anticipated by the War Office, Lord Napier of Magdala, who had opportunely returned from India upon leave of absence, was called upon to undertake the chief command of the British Army, and to draw up and carry out the English plan of campaign.

But, during the patriotic haste and disciplined confusion of these martial preparations, the voice of diplomacy had not been silent. As rapidly as possible, assurance of friendly neutrality were transmitted from Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Sweden, Norway, and Portugal. Austria declared an armed neutrality, and massed 400,000 troops on her Bohemian, Silesian and Galician frontiers. To counteract the Russian propaganda in Eastern provinces, Count Andrassy instructed his

political agents to organize a *plebiscitum* in the Danubian Principalities in favour of the union of all Rouman populations under the Hungarian protectorate. This movement afforded a pretext for the occupation of Moldo-Wallachia by Austrian troops and for the establishment on the Servian frontier of a Division of Observation. In view of the Pan-Sclavonic demonstration prepared by Russia, which caused the dethronement, by means of a military revolution, of Milan Obrenovitch IV., and the substitution of the Prince Kara Georgeovitch for the youthful Hospodar. Russia had long promised Servia that a part of Bosnia should be annexed to the Principality and had fostered the animosity entertained by the Serbs of the Banat to the Austrio-Hungarian rule to such an extent that they would undoubtedly have risen had not this masterstroke of Count Andrassy's policy held them perfectly helpless and compulsorily neutral. Turkey, also sending assurances of neutrality, immediately mobilized her army, turned the Balkan Peninsula into a military camp, held Sulina in force, stationed a naval squadron at Scutari and strengthened her garrisons in Asia Minor. The Khedive of Egypt offered his alliance to England, upon certain terms, (including the occupation of Constantinople), which were decidedly rejected. Thereupon, he made a similar proposition to Prussia, which was contemptuously ignored. His subsequent attempt to fill up the Suez Canal, by means of forced labour, was an abortive specimen of Asiatic revenge which outraged the whole civilized world; and the news of his defeat by the impromptu forces under Sir Ferdinand Lesseps, and summary execution by order of the Sultan, was hailed with satisfaction. Almost simultaneously with the Declaration of War, Belgium, Holland and Denmark volunteered as allies to England, and their proffers being accepted by the English Government, at once commenced the disposition of their forces for active operations.

Overlooking, however, the sympathies of these smaller, but still important, States, three words trembled, at this crisis, upon every lip: Russia, France, America. To them, even at this distance of time, curiosity involuntarily reverts. The attitude of Russia was not long uncertain. The speech of the Emperor of Germany to the Reichstag, to which we shall presently refer, was telegraphed to London by order of Prince Von Bismarck, and the discovery that England would again meet her old enemy of the Crimea increased the popularity of the War. A month afterwards it was ascertained that, promptly upon the declaration of War by Prussia, the Russians had pushed forward two army corps into Affghanistan; but the Hill tribes, although taken by surprise, remained thoroughly loyal, and being hastily organised by officers of the Indian Army, fell upon the enemy in the mountain passes and annihilated the entire force. In regard to America the suspense was scarcely less brief. Congress was in session, and President Hoffman sent in a Special Message, announcing the outbreak of another European War, and annexing his proclamation of neutrality. There was an animated debate in the house of Representatives, during which antiquated schemes for the capture of Canada were revived; but by the vote upon the previous question the discussion was ended and resolutions of neutrality were passed by an overwhelming majority. The Senate went into secret session upon the Message. On the following day, the 24th of March, Viscount Gladstone was able to lay before his colleagues in the Cabinet a most characteristic Cable telegram from President Hoffman, declaring the neutrality of the United States, asserting that from a due regard to the Monroe Doctrine, the American army would defend Canada, if necessary, against any invasion by an European power, and stating that, by a contract recently signed, twenty of the best war ships in the American Navy had been sold to

Denmark. These first fruits of the Treaty of Washington were received with unusual rejoicings in London. The American Ambassador was invited to a special State Banquet at Buckingham Palace; the Americans resident in London formed a Legion, and tendered their services to the Government; and the gratitude of the English people for a neutrality which relieved them, on the one hand, from the onerous task of guarding Canada, and, on the other, supplied them with a powerful auxilliary navy, under the Danish flag, was cordially acknowledged.

But while Russia and America were thus antagonistically decided, hour after hour, day after day, passed, and still the attitude of France was uncertain. In the first flush of excitement, the Duc d'Aumale had exclaimed that the time had come to regain Alsace and Lorraine; but when this view was presented to the Assembly by M. Gambetta, Minister of Marine, the majority did not respond as energetically as might have been expected. Hatred of the Prussians was very forcibly expressed during the debate which followed; but it soon became evident that fear of the Prussians was quite as prevalent. The Assembly, really representing the country, trembled at the spectre of another war. France, recovering its crops, its prosperity and its happiness, seemed to have lost the ambition of recovering its territory. The prospect of another year of fire and blood appalled the Frenchmen who had been so thoroughly beaten in 1870-71. While the debate wore on, from sitting to sitting, the English troops had prepared to embark ,and the French government was obliged to refuse them permission to pass through French territory. In vain did hundreds of French officers solicit permission to join the Polish Legion which was being recruited for England. In vain did the Ex-Emperor Napoleon, ashamed for his country, cross from Geneva to London, and lay his sword at the feet of the Queen, and the Prince Imperial enlist in an

English Volunteer regiment. In vain were the frequent telegrams describing the uprising of the English people, the reviews of the departing troops by the English Royal Family in the Parks, the warlike enthusiasm of the soldiers, and the confidence of the Volunteers. In vain did the leading Parisian journals taunt the Assembly with cowardice, and *Charivari* insult the peace party with caricatures. The rule of Paris was over; the rule of the peasantry prevailed. With the family of Louis Philippe, France had also accepted his policy. On the day when the British troops landed at Antwerp the Assembly, by a majority of forty votes, passed a series of resolutions, pledging the Chief Executive to a strict neutrality, and setting forth that France felt it her duty to advise an immediate cessation of hostilities. If Prince von Bismarck ever had any fears, or Lord Derby ever entertained any hopes, of an alliance between England and France, these fears and hopes died at the first indication of indecision, and did not survive until this neutral declaration. But it is improbable that either of these astute statesmen was thus deceived. Indeed, Lord Derby, in his speech conveying the resolutions of the French Assembly to the House of Lords, remarked: "If the alliance, which these resolutions render impossible, had been offered to us, we should have declined it. (Cheers). To have elicited our gratitude it should have been promptly made; but, early or late, we should have refused it. England is strong enough—is, under the circumstances, much stronger—without France. (Great cheering.) We are not about to fight, we should not have been willing to fight, in order to restore to France provinces ceded by treaty, (Cheers,) nor to give to France the German Rhine. (Great cheering.) We are about to fight our own battle, for our own territory; and we prefer to fight it, if not entirely alone, at least only with those allies whose interests are identical with our own, and whose existence depends upon our victory.

(Cheers.) Since I have been addressing your Lordships, I have had placed in my hand a telegram from Lord Napier, and another from His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, informing me that, without accident, and in splendid condition, the whole of our forces have been disembarked at Antwerp and Scheveningen. (Great cheering.) The issue is with Providence, who will defend the right. (Cheers.) Let France be contented, as we are, with her peaceful isolation. Her attitude is most decorous, and most safe. (Hear, hear.) For ourselves, we trust to God, our soldiers and our Generals." Unquestionably Lord Derby summed up, in these terse sentences, the true feelings of the English people, to whom an alliance with France would have seemed obnoxious, dangerous and unnecessary.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE REVOLUTION IN GERMANY.

IN the mean time, strange events had taken place in the Metropolis of Germany, as well as in its provincial capitals. On the 23rd of March, exactly twenty-four hours after the utterance of the remarkable declaration by which the Emperor had virtually cast down the gage of defiance at the feet of Her Majesty's Representative, the German Reichstag was summoned to the Altes Schloss, and its members assembled in the White Saloon. The first symptom of the storm that was soon to burst upon the warrior dynasty which had, but four years before, so triumphantly effected the consolidation of a German Empire, was the thitherto unprecedented prevalence of civilian costume amongst the representatives of the nation. It had been for many years the custom in Prussia—a custom that the successes of 1866 and 1870-71, had enabled her to impose upon the South German peoples who gave up their national individualities and came into the new Empire at the close of the French campaign—that every person called upon to take part in, or even witness, any official ceremony, from the opening of Parliament down to the celebration of a Town Councillor's Silver Wedding, should wear a uniform of some sort. This be-uniforming of a whole people was, as it were, the reflex of the Emperor William's personal bias in favour of giving to every person and every institution within the limits of his dominion a military seeming; and it succeeded for several years in not only converting society into a camp,

but in affixing a moral stigma, or an imputation of degradation, to all wearers of the black coat and white neckcloth, once so dear to Germany, as an outward and visible sign of the only Faith that had taken firm root in the Latter Day Fatherland from the commencement of the 19th century up to the year 1864—namely, the worship of Etiquette. Thus, during the ten years of unlimited power enjoyed by the military autocracy of Prussia Proper, to wear civilian costume upon any extraordinary occasion was to incur the certainty of official deconsideration; and as nineteen men out of twenty were invested with some sort of official character, the "pekin pur et simple" was virtually relegated to the condition of a social Pariah. The mortification of the venerable Emperor must, therefore, have been profound, when, upon entering the White Saloon on the memorable Thursday above referred to, he perceived, upon casting his eyes towards the representatives of the Fatherland, awaiting his approach in anxious silence, that more than the moiety of the gentlemen composing "His Parliament" were attired in the funereal evening garb of every day life. Indeed, with but few exceptions, those who wore uniform were members who held rank either in the Army or the Landwehr. The Landräthe and Landestände, the Commerzial-räthe, Rektoren and learned Doctors of all the Sciences, who, but a year previously, glittered like butterflies or beetles in scarlet and blue, gold and silver, embroidery and velvet facings, epaulets and swords, were sadly disguised in sober black, like mitigated mutes or prosperous headwaiters. A faint cheer was raised by the members of the "Old Prussian" party as the Emperor mounted the steps of the dais, and took his seat on the throne, with helmet in hand and breast, well nigh covered with war medals, military crosses, and the stars of his great orders; but the large majority of the Deputies received His Majesty in solemn and ominous silence. Rising, and hiding his grey locks under his Pickelhaube, he addressed the

breathless assembly in the following words, which possess surpassing historical interest by reason that they were the last ever spoken to the German Parliament by the great monarch who had been, after ten years of a reign overflowing with glory, and crowded with successes, raised to Imperial dignity by the clamorous solicitation of a nation numbering forty millions, and unquestionably, for a time, the most powerful factor in the problem of European politics.

"Highly honoured Gentlemen of the Federal Parliament of the German Empire! — Circumstances of a grave character have occurred, which compel me once again to draw the sword of Germany for the vindication of her children's rights, in the defence of which my armies have poured forth their blood in Danish swamps, Bohemian valleys and Gallic plains. The claims of your brethren, groaning under British tyranny, could no longer be disregarded by the great German nation, and I, the humble instrument of God's justice, have but echoed the desire of every German heart in demanding from the English Government the cession of a territory unrighteously severed from the Fatherland by the greed of unprincipled men, and whose possession by a foreign power, within sight of our shores, is a standing reproach to German patriotism—a shameful evidence of British arrogance and dishonesty. My temperate requisition, based upon the eternal principles of rectitude that have guided Germany through terrible struggles to a glorious goal, has been met by an insolent refusal, and followed by the withdrawal of the British Ambassador from his post at my court. Diplomatic relations are broken off between Germany and Great Britain, nor, unless Providence should deign to soften the hearts of the proud islanders who have defied the Fatherland, can I hope to avert an appeal to arms. That which is justly ours, we will have. God is with us; nor do we stand alone on earth to vouch with our swords for our good right. My august relative and ally, the

Emperor of Russia, has this morning offered me the aid of his forces by land and sea, which I have accepted. I, and the members of my family who have so often proved their devotion to our country, will take the field, and with our brother soldiers, the veterans of countless battles, and the younger warriors of Germany who long to emulate the exploits of their older comrades, will fight the enemies of German unity, if need be, to the death, for God and Fatherland!"

As he spoke these last words, His Majesty raised his helmet, and Prince von Bismarck, stepping two paces forward from his station to the left of the throne, waved his casque above his head, exclaiming "Es lebe unser Kaiser und Koenig, Hoch!" eliciting, however, but a feeble response from the assembly. The prevailing expression upon the members' faces was one of consternation; a few gentlemen, all in plain clothes, who stood in a group on the extreme left of the semicircle ranged in front of the dais, afforded a marked contrast to the majority of their confrères, their countenances exhibiting the manifestation of a settled and stern resolve. A murmur of "Wir wollen keinen solchen Krieg" was heard to emanate from amongst them; it caught the Emperor's ear, who bent his brow, and directed a piercing glance towards the recalcitrant legislators. After a few seconds of painful silence, His Majesty clapped his helmet on his head, and strode angrily out of the saloon, without vouchsafing even a bow to the Reichsrath. No sooner had the swing doors closed behind him than a tumult of sound burst from the agitated throng, till then still and threatening as a thundercloud; and the voices of Jacoby and Liebhardt were heard high above the general clamour, demanding an extraordinary session of the Parliament to deal with the "astounding and unjustifiable announcement." Simson, the President of the House, obtained a few seconds' hearing, in which he faltered out a few words to the effect that such a proceeding would be unconstitutional and illegal;

but his voice was speedily drowned, amid shouts of "To the Chambers;" "We will elect our own President, if you will not fulfil your functions!" and "We are Free Germans, *Weg mit der Tyrannei!*" Meanwhile, the sparse Conservatives and Junker members had quietly slipped away; while the trimmers from Rhineland and the South German Deputies, burning their ships, joined in the general tumult with vigorous lungs and infuriated gestures. After a quarter of an hour had been spent in "strepito e rumore," the Deputies hurried out of the Schloss, unmolested by the guards, and, by common consent, rushed off to the Chambers, followed by crowds of Berlinese, cheering them frantically, and shouting "Freiheit und Frieden! wir wollen keinen Krieg! Der Reichsrath soll leben, soll dreimal leben, Hoch!" Dr. Jacoby was the first to enter the House; five minutes later it was thronged from floor to roof. As soon as something like order had been obtained, the Deputies proceeded to elect a President by show of hands; and their choice fell upon Liebhardt, who at once assumed the Chair. Dr. Jacoby then rose, and in a thrilling oration, which lasted two hours and a half, and was brought to a tragical termination by his arrest, denounced the war and its contrivers in terms of scathing condemnation and bitter contempt that raised the passions of his audience wellnigh to madness. Storms of cheering greeted his every period; and the scene was one of indescribable excitement, when it was suddenly changed into a furious and terrible confusion by the appearance of a company of the Guards, which forced its way with levelled bayonets through the crowds gathered inside and outside the doors, and pushed silently onward in column formation, the men on either flank clearing their way with the butt-ends of their rifles, towards the Presidential Chair. Many of the people fled, yelling with fright; but others, more determined, closed round the soldiers as they pressed forward to the further end of the hall, and strove

to wrest their arms from them; whilst the Republican members rallied gallantly round their venerable leader, defending him with their bodies, and imploring the soldiers to forbear from butchering defenceless men, their countrymen and true German patriots. The struggle between the Guardsmen and the public was short, but bloody; for finding his men seriously impeded in their movements by the fierce onslaught of the crowd, the officer commanding the company gave the order to face round, and fire down the hall. A volley shook the walls of the building—a crash of glass followed, and a chorus of groans from some twenty or thirty wounded men, who, with as many dead, lay prostrate on the floor of the House, which was cleared as though by magic; and, ten minutes later, Dr. Jacoby, with half-a-dozen other members of the Republican party, was marched out, ragged and bleeding, in the centre of the company. Strong reinforcements awaited the latter in the street, which was choked up by an enraged multitude; and the task of conveying the prisoners to the Zeughaus proved so difficult and perilous, that it is said nearly a thousand persons, (including soldiers,) were killed or wounded ere the stubborn legionaries of the Emperor succeeded in delivering their charges safely to the custody of the troops hastily thrown into the Arsenal. The capture took place at four, the arrival of the captives at the place of their confinement at a quarter past six; so that two hours and a quarter were spent in hard fighting, to march a distance of less than half a mile. In the mean time, at 5, p.m., a proclamation had been issued by General von Steinmetz, Governor of Berlin, declaring the capital in a state of siege; and another signed by Von Roon, "By command of the Emperor" substituting military for civil law throughout the German Empire. These documents, far from quelling or allaying the popular fury, stimulated it to frantic extravagance. Wherever soldiers showed themselves, they were attacked with incredible ferocity by the crowds that rushed

backwards and forwards through the principal streets, as though possessed of devils; frequently the latter overcame small detachments told off to patrol the city, and disarmed them, killing every man who offered serious resistance. On the other hand, many of the soldiers gave up their arms, and even volunteered to join the popular cause; so that, in the street fighting which was carried on all through the evening and night, the Pickelhaube might be seen glittering on either side the fray in the foremost of the contest. The troops however, undoubtedly had the best of it, and by morning a comparative degree of order had been restored. There is no knowing, indeed, (although a spirit of dogged and desperate resistance had been aroused in the Berlinese,) how differently the fate of the Empire might have been decided, but for an imprudent and barbarous act of the Government, insisted upon by the Emperor's military advisers, which, when it transpired during the forenoon of the 24th, stirred the indignation of the middle classes to such a pitch of exasperation that the whole male population of the capital sallied forth as one man, resolved to overthrow the régime of military tyranny, or perish in the attempt. How they bore themselves, and what were the results of their tremendous uprising, will be presently described. Let the tragedy which mainly led to the establishment of the German Republic, and to the astonishing termination of a war that, it may fairly be admitted, seemed full of awful menace to Great Britain at its inception, be related in as few words as possible. Would that history could draw a veil over a deed as bloody, cruel and unnecessary as any that disgraced the Reigns of Terror in 1793 and 1871!

At eight o'clock on the evening of the 23rd, Dr. Jacoby and his colleagues were brought before a court-martial composed of seven officers of various ranks, under the presidency of General Vogel von Falkenstein. By this tribunal, upon which a con-

venient legality was conferred by the transfer of the Imperial Administration from the civil to the military powers, Dr. Jacoby and Herr Liebhardt were found guilty of High Treason, and condemned to death; the other members arrested being sentenced to various terms of imprisonment in Imperial fortresses. At midnight precisely the two great German Republicans were led out to a yard behind the Zeughaus, and, by the light of a few lanterns, shot. It is said that they met their death with intrepidity, and that two or three of the men (artillerists of the Guard) comprising the firing party refused at the last moment to aid in carrying the sentence into execution. The bodies lay all night in the Arsenal, it being deemed imprudent to attempt their transportation to a burying-place, whilst the streets in the vicinity of the building were still the scenes of hourly struggle between the populace and the military. Desultory firing having been kept up with more or less vivacity throughout the whole night, the volley that laid Jacoby and Liebhardt low failed to arouse the particular attention of the mob; and it was only next morning, about ten o'clock, that the terrible news leaked out (presumably through one of the men told off for the unfortunate gentlemen's execution) and spread like wildfire over the city. No greater error of judgment was ever entertained by the rulers over a nation than that which led to the condemnation and execution of these two popular tribunes. The shedding of their blood was the result of a panic; and, like most stringent actions similarly generated, was curiously untimely and hideously sanguinary. It exhibited, moreover, a wilful blindness, on the part of those in authority, to the signs of the times and the enormous increment of Republicanism in Germany, that was scarcely less than miraculous. Vengeance followed its commission with surprising celerity and completeness — a vengeance that shook monarchical institutions to their very foundations throughout Europe—nay, the world.

An hour after the momentous words that rendered a breach between the two great Protestant Empires inevitable had been spoken by His Imperial Majesty to Sir Odo Russell, the Emperor had telegraphed to the several minor Sovereigns of Germany, signifying to them that hostilities with Great Britain were imminent, and summoning them to take the necessary steps for placing their respective forces at his disposal, as Commander in Chief of the United German Armies. This announcement was received alike in Munich, Stuttgardt and Karlsruhe with violent manifestations of popular disfavour. Count Tauffkirchen, the Bavarian Prime Minister, carried the King's commands down to the Reichstag, which happened to be sitting when the dispatch arrived (strangely enough, engaged in the discussion of a newly framed malt tax), and was scarcely allowed to conclude the communication with which his Sovereign had entrusted him. The House vehemently refused to grant supplies, or sanction the despatch of the two Bavarian Army Corps demanded for instant service by the Kaiser, and, after a stormy discussion, prorogued itself *sine die*. The Republican and Liberal Members harangued the populace in the streets, after leaving the Chamber, and Munich was soon in as wild a state of confusion as Berlin, with this difference, that no collision of any importance took place between the soldiery and the citizens, so that scarcely any blood flowed, save from a few broken heads, cracked more from respect to the good old Bavarian tradition, which prescribes that 'Ohn' ein Bissel Einhauen, s'gibt keine Gemüethlichkeit"? ---than in anger. The demonstration which came off later in the evening was more in the manner of a "Bier-Revolution" (but without the bitterness infused into such outbreaks, to which the stout Bavarians have for more than a century been genially prone), than in that of a vigorous and uncompromising political manifestation; but it proved sufficiently significant to frighten away King Louis, who fled from his palace during the

night, and was not heard of till a week later, when he made his appearance in Vienna, with Johann Wagner, under whose protection he had crossed the frontier, near Berchtesgaden, disguised in female costume, and furnished with a passport, bearing the name of Maria von Bülow. The republicans, in short, had it all their own way; for such troops as were stationed in the Bavarian capital (the army being on a peace footing) fraternized with the people, whilst the orders issued from the Prussian local Head-quarters to mobilise the forces of the Kingdom, were entirely disregarded by the native authorities; indeed, some of the Northern born officers, who endeavoured to urge the carrying out of their instructions, supplementing their arguments with threats and objurgations, were somewhat roughly handled by the people, and placed under restraint by the municipal functionaries, with the kindly purpose of protecting them against further violence. In Stuttgardt, the hotbed of Teutonic Republicanism, the revolution was effected more quietly than in Munich. Upon the reception of the news by the public, a monster meeting was held in the Schloss-platz, and a set of resolutions condemnatory of the war, and in favour of casting off the Prussian yoke adopted by acclamation; which resolutions were conveyed to the King by a deputation of notables, amongst whom were several leading members of the Legislature, of the University, and of the learned professions. His Majesty, after hearing the statements made to him by these envoys of his people, declared, in a voice trembling with emotion, that, finding his duty to his subjects incompatible with the fulfilment of his personal engagements to the Emperor of Germany, he preferred abdication to dishonour, and could not hesitate to resign the reins of power to the hands of those whom the nation should deem worthy to hold them. This statement was received by the deputation in respectful silence, and next morning, the King, accompanied by the Princes of his House, left Stuttgardt

for Italy, *via* the Brenner Pass—not only altogether unmolested, but saluted with uniform deference by the people assembled in the streets through which he drove from his Palace to the Station, where he found a volunteer Guard of Honour awaiting him, and a numerous gathering of distinguished personages, eager to pay a tribute of affectionate consideration to their departing Monarch. In Karlsruhe, the political cataclysm convulsing the Fatherland resulted in a tragical catastrophe, which cost a gallant gentleman his life, and bereaved the soldier-family of the Hohenzollern of its most brilliant warrior. On the second day of the popular agitation which, in the Grand Duchy as well as in its neighbour kingdoms, broke out like a volcano upon the arrival of the war-tidings from Berlin, Prince Frederick Karl, who had been sent down southwards from Potsdam, as soon as the troubles of the capital commenced, to organise the forces of the "Muss Preussen," and exert his personal influence with the respective Princes of the Confederation to rally their subjects to the Imperial Standards, made his appearance at the Schloss; and, after a long interview with the Grand Duke, rode out with Prince William into the Schloss-platz, where two regiments in a state of open mutiny, were being rated, remonstrated with, and coaxed to their duty by their officers. The Red Prince pushed his horse in amongst the men, and endeavoured to address them, but, being instantly recognised, was hooted and mobbed. Ever impetuous and prompt to anger, he drew his sabre, and cut down a soldier who had grasped his charger's rein. Scarcely had he struck the blow, when another of the mutincers drove his bayonet into the Field-Marshal's right side, under his uplifted arm, and he fell, mortally wounded, from his horse. A few hours later he expired in a bed-room on the first-floor of a house belonging to Town Councillor Bernhardt Reichel, into which he was carried from the Platz. A

stone tablet, recording the manner of his death, has since been inserted into the wall of this building, overlooking the Schloss-platz. Thus, after braving the deadliest perils of war on a score of battle-fields, perished the renowned Red Prince; one of the heroes of the century, and, if not a military genius, certainly one of the most enterprising and successful Generals whose achievements are recorded in modern history.

The immediate political result of the bouleversement that convulsed Southern Germany during the three eventful days following the declaration of war, was the establishment of a Federal Republic throughout the wealthiest and most densely populated provinces of the Fatherland. Nor can the historian honestly omit to pay a tribute of admiration and praise to the intelligence, patience, and foresight of the German Republicans, who had been for years before the consummation of their triumph, and with especial earnestness since Teutonic national unity had been achieved, "insaniâ adjuvante Gallorum," in 1871, steadily and unremittingly engaged in the propagation of their doctrines and the organisation of their resources. Given, as though by a miracle of misjudgment on the part of the military autocracy, the opportunity for a radical transposition of political institutions, in virtue of a pretext that could not but be altogether satisfactory to nine Germans out of ten—given, the mighty leverage that an illogical and unrighteous action on the part of the Imperial Government afforded to the Chiefs of the League, for the setting in motion of that mighty machine, every spring of which they had tested, every joint of which they had carefully lubricated for years ere the bolder amongst them pronounced it to be in working order—and the orderly, persevering, logical disposition of German manhood ensured a successful termination to even that thorniest of enterprises, a popular revolution, undertaken in the very teeth of, and for the purpose of subverting, a glorified tyranny. Thus the Republicans of

Almayne, in less than a week, and, taking the historic precedents into consideration, with comparatively trifling effusion of blood, transmuted a military monarchy into a tolerant and tolerable Republic. Save in the very centre and temple of Mars-worship, Berlin,—in a few wild outlying districts, Non-German alike as regards nationality and cultivated mental conditions—and, strangely enough, in the most recently acquired provinces of the Empire, Elsass and Lothringen, the Prussian Fetish collapsed or was overthrown with bewildering suddenness throughout the length and breadth of the Fatherland. When the garrisons of Metz and Strasburg broke out into open revolt, the majority of the troops composing them proving absolutely obedient to the orders that reached each Republican soldier from the Central (Secret) Committee, twenty-four hours after the movement had been fairly started in the several capitals, the loyal citizens, as enthusiastic Imperialists under the rule of Wilhelm von Hohenzollern as they had been under that of Charles Louis de Bonaparte, rose unanimously against the rebellious troops, and, with the aid of such amongst the latter as remained faithful to their standards, made a determined endeavour to possess themselves of the outlying forts surrounding either enceinte, after having most brilliantly driven the mutineers out of both towns. The new works, however, constructed upon the modern Prussian system since the acquisition by Germany of these provinces, proved too strong for the gallant, but imperfectly armed citizens of the great frontier towns; and the legionaries of the new-born Republic contrived to hold them in check until the news of the Emperor's flight to Köenigsberg, and the arrival of Republican commissaries, backed by considerable armed forces, to take the government of the refractory towns into their hands, convinced the bold burgesses that the Imperial cause being utterly lost, further resistance would be useless; when they very wisely gave in their adhesion

to the new régime, having borne themselves during the interregnum so creditably as to have earned the respect of all honourable men.

At Berlin the Revolution was equally prompt. As soon as the miserable martyrdom of Jacoby and Liebhardt became generally known to the citizens of the German metropolis, they rose en masse, and crowds of infuriated civilians, leavened handsomely with an armed and disciplined element, poured into the Linden Avenue from all parts of the city, and, sweeping away by their sheer weight and irresistible impetus the cordon of Guards that had been drawn across the great boulevard just above the King's Palace, attacked the Zeughaus with frenzied energy. A battery of Krupp's four-pounders had been drawn up behind the infantry lines with which Von Steinmetz hoped to stem the terrible tide of the Revolution. So sudden was the attack of the populace on the military that but one gun was discharged by its service, with murderous effect. Ere the remaining pieces of the battery could be cleared from the Guardsmen driven back upon them, their gunners were struck down and trampled under foot, and the cannon themselves taken possession of by the insurgents with fierce shouts of triumph. It is said that the officer commanding in the Zeughaus was roughly summoned to surrender ere the mob proceeded to extremities, and that he refused; whilst from some of the military memoirs and records that have appeared since peace was restored to Europe by the labours of the International Congress, concluded in 1881, it may be gathered that a Prussian General (according to one account Von Rauch, and to another Von Werder) exhorted the populace to disperse, and even offered to transmit its demands to the Emperor. This, however, is certain; that the captured battery was transported to a position fronting the Zeughaus, and promptly manned by artillery men selected from amongst the insurgents; and that, after a brief hesitation, caused probably by the

holding of the pourparlers above referred to, a rapid and concentrated fire was opened upon the quaint old frontage of the Arsenal which speedily opened a breach in its walls—whilst a storm of bullets was directed upon each and every window, that effectually kept down, and eventually silenced the fire of its defenders. In less than an hour the Zeughaus was carried by storm, a sharp hand-to-hand conflict taking place within its precincts; and, after removing the enormous stock of rifles, pistols, side arms and accoutrements accumulated in its store-rooms, (all of which weapons were subsequently distributed by the leaders of the movement amongst the unarmed members of the revolutionary league,) the bodies of the two slaughtered tribunes were brought forth on hastily extemporised litters, and carried by eminent Republican Deputies in mournful procession through the principal streets of Berlin. They were finally deposited in the Throne Room of the Altes Schloss, where they lay in state for forty-eight hours, during which the current of visitors, bent upon paying them the last homage, never slackened.

But where was the Emperor on this fateful day? His Palace Unter-den-Linden, which was broken into whilst the Zeughaus was being sacked, was found to be empty, and deserted, save by one or two old female servants. It redounds greatly to the honour of the insurgents that the valuable property collected in His Majesty's apartments was neither destroyed nor stolen. Every part of the building was subject to a rigid search, but no damage of any importance was done to the house or its contents. The Imperial Eagle had taken flight. About one in the morning, William the Conqueror, wrapped up in a civilian's cloak, and with an ordinary black hat drawn tightly down over his brow, had walked quietly through the streets, still teeming with clusters of excited people, to the Brandenburg Gate, outside which, in an alley of the Thiergarten, he found horses awaiting him. Mounting "Brilliant," the noble

old charger that had carried him so well at Koeniggraetz, he rode, accompanied by Colonels v Lehndorff and v Luckadow, his personal Aides-de-camp, to Potsdam, whither a large number of the still loyal troops had been withdrawn from the capital. When the Emperor arrived at his Son's residence, the Neues Palais, he found between fourteen and fifteen thousand men under arms, and about to be marched, by his Imperial Highness' orders, upon Berlin, with the purpose of rescuing the Emperor, and, if possible, of putting down the revolt. As soon as the Crown Prince was assured, however, that his august father was safe and unhurt, these orders were countermanded, and the greater part of the forces in question was at once dismissed to barracks.

The week immediately following the Emperor's flight from Berlin was replete with incident. In the capital itself, abandoned hastily by those troops which remained loyal to the person of their warrior-monarch, the Revolution achieved a complete triumph. Field-Marshal von Moltke, Generals von Roon, von Falkenstein, von Steinmetz, and von Werder, as well as a host of minor military notabilities, were taken prisoners, and, refusing to swear allegiance to the Republic, were placed under strict confinement. Prince von Bismarck, who made no attempt to escape from the city, was captured in his palace in the Wilhelmstrasse, and, having asked for a conference with the chiefs of the movement, proposed to them to place his services at their disposal, declaring that the principle which had actuated his every political action throughout a long career, in the course of which he had been fortunate enough to render some not unimportant services to Germany, was simply that of implicit obedience to the will of the nation; that, his conscience and intelligence being alike satisfied by the spontaneity, universality (as far as the Fatherland was concerned), and vigour of the Revolution that the German people had resolved to institute including or involving a thorough Reform in its national institutions,

he, who had had the courage, at a time when military rule and centralization were omnipotent in Germany, to state that he was in heart a Republican, and would be found to be one in action whenever "*the time should come,*" would not allow his personal feelings of admiration and regard for the members of the fallen dynasty to withhold him from the performance of a sacred duty. The Council of the League listened gravely to His Highness' proposition, and after holding a short whispered consultation, informed him, through its President, that his offers would be taken into serious consideration; but that, until a definitive reply could be made to them, he must consider himself the honoured prisoner of the German Republic, his own palace being assigned to him as a place of temporary retirement. The Prince bowed his compliance with the decision of the Council, and returned under guard to his residence, where he remained in complete seclusion for several weeks, biding his time with philosophical patience, and relieving the tedium of his forced inactivity by a voluminous correspondence, some fragments of which, addressed to leading political personages in Austria, Russia, England, and America, have since come to light. There seems to be but little doubt that the astute and versatile statesman opened, even in those early days of change, negotiations with the then exiled King of Hanover, in whose service he expired four years later; that he paved the way for employment of the highest character in the Imperial Russian Administration; that he furnished Lord Derby with valuable information respecting the nature and extent of the Republican upheaving; and that he sounded the Democratic Party in the United States with respect to the possibility of his assuming its leadership, or at least of playing a very prominent part in Transatlantic politics. With the *insouciance* that was one of his constitutional characteristics, he confided his letters to the Republican Postal Authorities, taking no precaution

whatever to assure their inviolability; and in no case would it appear that the tacit trust he reposed in his countrymen's honesty was betrayed. Many a time must the fingers of the "Herren Inspektoren" have itched when letters bearing important addresses in the massive handwriting of the famous Bundeskansler were brought to them by their subordinates "zum Revidiren;" but, so far as we can learn, no seal was broken, no envelope steamed, for the satisfaction of what many Governments would have deemed a "legitimate curiosity," and the Prince's interesting letters were faithfully forwarded to their respective destinations.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE BATTLE OF KONIGSBERG.

THE Emperor, finding his small army melting away gradually from day to day at Potsdam, and having been warned, the day after his arrival at Babelsberg, that the forces of the Republic were being rapidly organized for the purpose of marching against him, resolved to withdraw north-eastwards, with the object of effecting a junction with the Russian armies, already collected on the Posen frontier. On the 30th of March, therefore, he left his romantic little château at the head of some 12,000 men of all arms, having taken leave with deep emotion of his gallant son, to whom he entrusted the hopeless task of endeavouring to stay the advance of the Allied Armies through the western provinces of Prussian Germany. His Imperial Majesty proceeded by forced marches into Pomerania, a considerable number of country gentlemen (Landwehr officers) and loyal Wendish peasants joining his standards on the way. The value of these reinforcements, however, was to a great extent neutralized by the daily defections of German legionaries that accrued as the division (it was no more) approached the coast. Arrived at Stargard, the Imperial soldiers took possession of the railways communicating with East Prussia, and were transported to Koenigsberg, where the Emperor's head-quarters were established. No active demonstrations of hostility to His Majesty or the troops were made by the citizens of the old coronation city; but neither was any welcome offered to the monarch whose accession

to the throne had been ratified within their walls by the solemn act that, in 1860, afforded him the opportunity of proclaiming the Dogma of "Divine Right." The prophecy of the Standards, well remembered of the Koenigsbergers, was destined to be fulfilled within gunshot of the very Throne Room in which, on the eve of King William's coronation, they fell down with a startling crash, though no hand was nigh them, from the trophy-form in which they had been cunningly set up.

Two days after the Emperor's arrival at Königsberg, a Russsian Corps d'Armée crossed the East-Prussian frontier, and advanced to Elbing, within ten miles of the Kronungs-Stadt, in and around which quaint little town the troops encamped. Their General, the Grand Duke Vladimir, betook himself to Königsberg, where he offered his august relative, in the name of the Czar, the command of the Russian forces marching to his aid, of which the Corps in question constituted the vanguard. At the same time he handed the Emperor an autograph letter from his Imperial brother-in-law, entreating him to assume the absolute leadership of the Muscovite hosts, and assuring him that no Russian General would have the courage to issue orders to his Army during a campaign in which the allied legions of Germany and Russia should take the field together, unless those orders were inspired by the wisdom and experience of the greatest warrior of the age. The Kaiser was deeply affected by the perusal of this missive, and, extending his hand to the Grand Duke, faltered out—"Thank my brother for me, as I shall myself thank him. He has brought me comfort in my great afflictions. It pleases God to inflict upon me a heavy burthen; and, but for your Sovereign's noble loyalty to his word, I might have broken down under the weight of my load. I accept, with heartfelt gratitude, the new responsibility imposed upon me. Ever welcome to my Court, you are doubly so now; for you

bring with you the means of possible salvation (if God will it so) to unhappy Germany, fallen a victim to evil men, His enemies and mine! I will visit the Army to-morrow, and take its command. Tell your soldiers to expect me; and accept this token of my affection." With these words he placed the collar of the Black Eagle round the Grand Duke's neck, kissing him on both cheeks.

Whilst this touching scene was taking place, the heads of the British, Belgian, and Dutch columns were actually crossing the German frontiers near Arnheim and Herbesthal. A force of 70,000 men, about the third of the entire number of troops forming the Expeditionary Army, had been transported from England to Holland and Belgium, embarking at Woolwich and Portsmouth, and landing at Scheveningen and Antwerp. These, with which had been amalgamated nearly 40,000 Allies, were pushed forward without an hour's delay by every available means of conveyance, (the Belgian railways evincing remarkable elasticity of resources under enormous pressure,) and massed on the respective Germanic frontiers of Belgium and the Netherlands. On the morning of the 11th, orders arrived from Brussels, where Lord Napier's temporary Head-quarters were established, to the Commanders of both armies to advance cautiously, but with all possible rapidity, into the enemy's country. The preliminary reconnoissances made by the cavalry resulted in the transmission of highly satisfactory intelligence to the War office, promptly made known by that Department to the public through the medium of the evening papers, and received with the wildest joy by all classes. No evidence of any organized resistance to this advance was discoverable, although the 5th Lancers, the Carbineers, and the 4th Hussars penetrated a distance of over thirty miles into the Imperial territories. To the surprise of these gallant horsemen, they were received in every village they entered with friendly demonstrations,

the municipal officials offering them all imaginable accommodation, in the way of quarters, rations and forage, and the peasantry, some of whom were in uniform, but unarmed, fraternizing heartily with the troops. At Stolping and Freihausen the Bürgermeisters came out to meet the troops, bearing the keys of their respective towns on cushions, and attended by comely followings of stout "weissgewaschene Frauenzimmer." From these and other official personages the officers in charge of the reconnoitring parties gathered that the Imperial Army Corps, permanently stationed in the frontier provinces in question, had broken themselves up, or rather dissolved during the first bouleversement immediately succeeding the declaration of war, such of the soldiery as were not to be influenced by the exhortations of their comrades, members of the Republican League, making their way singly or in small parties northwards, but without arms; the population having taken possession, aided by the majority of the troops, of all war material collected at the several provincial Dépôts. The local authorities further assured the officers that the British Army might march to the Rhine and the Elbe without encountering the least molestation of a serious character; that it would find the population of Southern Germany, in particular, disposed to aid it, if necessary, *vi et armis*, to crush the military depotism under which the nation had so long groaned, and which, fortunately for Europe, was already at its last gasp. "We have well nigh done all your task for you ere you could take it in hand," said several provincial notables to Colonels Shute and Baker, "and we look upon you as friends and brothers, come hither to complete the work of our emancipation." "Es leben die Engländer!" was the cry raised wherever the scarlet uniform appeared; and the men, most of whom expected a very different reception, were in the wildest spirits at finding themselves so popular amongst those whom they had been led to regard as foes. As soon as the reconnoitring parties had returned from

their expeditions, and made their reports, a general advance was commenced, which met with no opposition from the Germans, until Western and Southern Germany were in English hands.

The progress of the Allied Armies through Western Germany continued for several days to afford the inhabitants of the country and the soldiery a series of surprising and pleasant spectacles. History furnishes us with no precedents for events such as characterised the first week of the Fatherland's invasion by British troops. On the one hand we find a warrior people, constituting a great and vigorous nation, unquestionably the first military power in the world, opening its arms to a hostile army, inferior in numbers, discipline, and military experience to its own splendid hosts, and welcoming the scarlet uniform as though it had been intentionally instead of accidentally adopted by the enemies of despotism as an emblem of the most advanced Republicanism; on the other, a small force of gallant men, whose nerves had been strung up to a pitch of almost unbearable tension by the anticipation of terrible trials and surpassing peril—who, judging the risk they ran in bearding the European Colossus by the splendid achievements of his veteran legions in 1866 and 1870, and by the knowledge they possessed of the overwhelming and inexhaustible military resources at his disposal, looked upon themselves as volunteers for a gigantic forlorn hope, perhaps foredoomed to defeat and destruction at the hands of a foe claiming to be their superior in every respect—finding itself suddenly engaged in the performance of a military promenade, under the most agreeable conditions, through a country, every step of its advance into which it had expected would be contested, foot by foot, with the greatest obstinacy and fierceness. The soldiers were completely bewildered by their reception. For the most part, *more Anglicano,* entirely ignorant of the political transfiguration that Germany had been steadily and

rapidly undergoing since its unification was effected by the sword, they were stupified to find themselves the heroes of a Jubilee, given in their honour by the very folk whom they had stiffened their sinews to strike with desperate and relentless fury. That the Germans as a people should have parodied, on an enormously extended scale, the action of the Parisians as a bourgeoisie, who, sixty years earlier in the century, received the Allied armies of the Four Great Powers into their city with extravagant welcome, and christened them, "nos amis les ennemis," was a whimsical instance of the crooked regularity with which apparent anomalies are dovetailed into that which the human intellect recognizes as the logical and comprehensible scheme of mundane progress. Throughout the ages a law of accident has prescribed and determined the recurrence of certain practical paradoxes, varying the circumstantial method of their preparation, and the accessories surrounding their fruition, but reproducing them as infallibly as doth the Calculating Machine evolve its inconsequent number after passing correctly through a certain series of terms. The political phenomena of the year 1875 afforded more than one curious illustration of the mysterious workings of this law, which from time to time refute the doctrine of probabilities, and which, while they sap the very foundations of Faith, are triumphantly subversive of Theory. Europe was engrossed in the contemplation of a War which was no War—of the invasion by a commercial nation of territories, vast in extent, and bristling with impregnable defences, populated by a race preeminently martial in its antecedents, education and tendencies—of the collapse, within the space of forty-eight hours, of the most powerful military autocracy of modern times—and of the bloodless victory, for the first time to be recorded in the annals of humanity, of Republican over Monarchical principles of Government. The last mentioned of these marvels is entirely ascribable to the

influence of the large and deep practical wisdom that governed the actions of the German people, whose acute comprehension of their own interests has been the admiration and envy of the civilized world for two decades. Having made up its mind irrevocably to the overthrow of the Hohenzollern dynasty, and, with it, of the Krupp and Dreyse régime, that throughout so many long years had taken the bloom, and something more, off their national prosperity, the Germans proceeded logically and prosaically to the achievement of their self-set task, not allowing themselves to be stimulated by the promptings of that spurious sentimentality, which so frequently passes current for patriotism, into the repulsion of those whom the provocation offered them by an individual had incited to a hostile demonstration against the Fatherland; but sensibly insuring the lives of German patriots and the Exchequer of the new-born German Republic against the calamitous consequences which would have been rendered inevitable had the blood of Englishmen been shed by Teutons in an unjustifiable cause. In fact, by throwing open their doors to the soldiers they neutralised the ill feeling that had been generated by the Emperor's rupture with England on the shallow pretext suggested to him by evil counsellors; and completely deprived England of any excuse for levying contributions upon a country, the inhabitants of which not only scrupulously abstained from committing any overt act of hostility, but actually overwhelmed the troops with manifestations of good will and substantial evidences of welcome. That England should cheerfully, at the termination of the quasi-campaigning episode which detained our army, nearly 200,000 strong, holiday keeping (with the exception of the bloody battle fought on the Russian frontier at the very end of the festive procession through Germany), on the Continent for nearly a month, have paid the whole expense of the expedition, never even discussing the possibility of requiring the German Republic

to contribute a share towards the heavy disbursements, is the most crowning of all testimonies to the sagacity and astuteness that inspired the course of action adopted by the German people.

The Commanders of the two British Armies in whose honour hecatombs of fatted calves were sacrificed by the Rhinelanders and the Westphalians, did not however suffer their advance to be delayed by the jubilation and festivity that greeted them on every hand. Lord Napier, indeed, remained for four-and-twenty hours Cologne, where a splendid banquet had been prepared in his honour by the Municipal Authorities at the instigation of the Republican Commissary; but his *divisionnaires* conducted the greater part of his command within that interval of time to Elbesfeld, where his Lordship rejoined them on the following day. The railway lines and working staff having been placed unreservedly at the disposal of the British Generals, the transport of the troops to the place appointed for the rendezvous of the two armies (Hanover) was effected with surprising celerity. Refreshments of all sorts, solid and liquid, were pressed upon the scarlet-clad travellers at every station by the inhabitants of the towns and villages traversed by the iron road; and each be-garlanded and be-ribboned locomotive, as it made its appearance within the precincts of a Bahnhof, was saluted with shouts of "Es lebe die Freiheit!" "Es leben unsere rothen Veter!" and with the strains of "Champagne Charley" and "Long, long ago," the two airs that have represented the National music of England for many years past throughout Germany. One or two couutry bandmasters, aware of the identity existing between "Heil Dir im Siegeskranz" (the Prussian Royal Anthem) and "God save the Queen," adventured upon the bold experiment of "playing in" Her Majesty's troops with that familiar melody; but the storms of yells and hisses that drowned its opening bars caused them speedily to desist. The populace only knew

the tune through its Prussian associations, unaware that it enjoyed a divided, and even disputed nationality; and indignantly refused to tolerate its performance.

As Lord Napier, with the Brigades of Guards and Highlanders and some 25,000 troops of the line, pushed forward in a north-easterly direction through Soest, Paderborn, and the Duchy of Lippe towards the capital of the old Guelphic kingdom, Sir Alfred Horsford (with an equally numerous force composed of liners, militia, and a few crack Volunteer regiments) was steadily advancing due eastwards, viâ Zütphen, Osnabrück, and Minden, to meet his fellow-prætor. On the 20th April, the two Generals met at Linden, and the following morning rode together into Hanover at the head of a brilliant staff, and followed by the 1st Division; the remainder bivouacking on the plains that surround the city. A noble prize awaited them in the cradle of British royalty. Immediately after his Imperial father's retreat to the Kronungs-Stadt, the Crown Prince, whose popularity in the Kingdom of the White Horse had for some years been very great, hurried from Potsdam to Hanover, merely accompanied by the military officers of his household, in the hope of employing his personal influence successfully to organise a nucleus of resistance to the foes of his dynasty within and without Germany. Hanover had ever been more sparsely leavened with Republicanism than any other division of the Fatherland; its tendencies were known to have remained Monarchical despite the efforts made by the League to gain over its notables of all classes to the doctrines of Democracy. Upon this predilection in favour of Right Divine on the part of the Hanoverians at large, and upon the Junkerdom of the aristocracy, His Imperial Highness counted to elicit an anti-Republican demonstration that might, by judicious management, be converted into a *point d'appui* upon which measures for restoring the Hohenzollern Monarchy and for repelling the foreign invasion might possibly be based; but the

gallant and astute Prince was doomed to witness the utter frustration of his anticipations, founded, as will be comprehended by the historical student, upon a pardonable misapprehension of the Hanoverian character. True, the Hanoverians disliked Republican, and admired Monarchical institutions; those Monarchical institutions, however, were not Prussian, but Hanoverian. True, they entertained considerable respect, and even affection, for the Crown Prince himself; but they hated his dynasty, and loathed the oppression of the military-service system imported by Prussia into their kingdom upon its annexation to the North German realm in 1866. Strange and incomprehensible as it may have seemed to the stately gentleman who had ever stood their friend in the councils of the Empire, they yearned for the return of their blind King, and for the reinstatement of the old, easy-going régime which was swept away, apparently for ever, during the Seven Days' War. When, therefore, His Imperial Highness arrived in Hanover, he was awaited at the station by the chief political and military personages of the town, who were attended by a strong body of Hanoverian soldiers, still in Prussian uniform, but under the old Royal standard borne in front of their ranks by a Fähnrich; and was respectfully requested to retire, under their escort, to the Schloss, where he would consider himself under restraint. The Prince bit his lip, but attempted no expostulation and uttered no protest. Bowing to the gentlemen who had addressed him, he walked through the station, got into the carriage stationed before the *perron* for his accommodation, and was driven off, accompanied by his Marshal of the Household, to seclusion in the very apartments he had frequently occupied during his visits to Hanover. As he passed along the crowded streets, which were dressed gaily with Hanoverian and English flags, no insult whatever was offered him. A few street gamins raised a shrill cry of "Kukuk," but the adult population gazed at the cap-

tive hero with deep and silent interest; some, indeed, with sympathy and even pity. The news of his detention speedily reached Potsdam, whither Count Eulenburg telegraphed it by permission of the authorities; and the Crown Princess set out at once for Hanover, where she joined her august consort next day, every facility being accorded to her for the performance of her journey. His Imperial Highness did not leave his apartments until the arrival of Generals Napier and Horsford in Hanover; when, his custody having been transferred to their Excellencies by the voluntary act of the provisional administration formed during the interregnum, he met them in the State Drawing Room of the Royal Palace, in compliance with their request for an interview, and, walking forward to meet Lord Napier, offered that nobleman his sword, which the General declined to accept, saying "I am not worthy, sir, to take into my custody the sword of so mighty a Prince and renowned a soldier." After a few ceremonious sentences had been exchanged, the Royal Field-Marshal expressed a wish to be transferred without delay to England, and was informed that his brother-in-law, the Prince of Wales, earnestly solicited his acceptance of Sandringham as a place of residence during his sojourn within Her Majesty's realms. The Prince appeared touched by this offer, and Her Imperial Highness, who was present at the interview, was overcome by emotion. Lord Napier added that he was instructed to mention that the Prince of Wales would renew his proposition in person at Brussels, where he would meet his august relative on the latter's arrival in that city *en route* for Ostend. The Imperial family took its departure next morning, and reached the Belgian capital on the 23rd, where its members were received with the most cordial welcome by King Leopold and the Prince of Wales, between whom and his eldest sister a most affecting scene took place. It would appear that the Crown Prince, who wore the insignia

of the Garter and the Bath, upon alighting from the saloon carriage on the platform, where His Royal Highness stood awaiting him with outstretched hands, made a motion as if to detach his sword from its slings, apparently intending to offer it to the Prince, and that the latter prevented him from carrying out his intention, seizing both his hands, and shaking them with affectionate warmth. After two days' sojourn in Brussels, rendered necessary by the fatigue, anxiety, and painful excitement which their Imperial Highnesses had endured for more than a fortnight without intermission, they left for England, where they arrived in safety, and were received with the honours due to their rank, the respect merited by their virtues, and the sympathy justly excited by their great misfortunes.

Whilst the English troops were traversing the Fatherland, and earning golden opinions from all classes of the German people by the steadiness of their conduct under circumstances very trying to the discipline of young soldiers, an important concentration of the Russian forces was taking place within and upon the Prussian North Eastern frontier. In addition to the two Army Corps, of which mention has already been made in this chapter, the Russian Guard and two Cossack Divisions were advanced to Tilsch, in the neighbourhood of which town they encamped; the reserves were called out throughout the vast dominions of the White Czar, and a formidable host of well-equipped and splendidly disciplined troops was gathered together at Vilna under the command of the gallant Todtleben. The autocrat of all the Russias exhibited, indeed, a loyalty to his engagements, and an exactitude in the fulfilment of his promise, that could not but awaken the admiration even of his enemies. In the presence of a national movement, unprecedentedly imposing in its character, and heavily fraught with terror for the ruler over eighty millions of semi-barbarous *émancipés*, His Imperial Majesty did

not hesitate for a moment, in virtue of his given word, to lend the whole of his might to the support of a hopeless cause, at the risk of sacrificing all the advantages that Russian astuteness and perseverance had gained in the East and South during twenty years of profitable peace. It may be safely asserted that the Czar's better judgment was enlisted in favour of the acceptance by his brother Emperor of the verdict unanimously pronounced by Germany upon himself and his dynasty—that the uncompromising opposition offered by the Csarewitch to the putting in execution of the Treaty of offensive and defensive alliance, entered into so far back as 1867 between Russia and Prussia, was the source of great disquietude and unhappiness to his august father—and that the cold attitude of reserve assumed by the old Russian party, numbering amongst its members the wealthiest and most influential nobles of the Empire, upon the announcement that hostilities had been declared against Great Britain and her Allies, added gravely to the apprehensions which beset the Czar from every quarter. But "parole donnée, parole tenue," was ever an axiom punctually observed by Alexander II.; and he drew his sword with a firm hand, though a sinking heart.

Lord Napier's advance from Berlin to Elbing was as rapid as had been his progress from Hanover to the Prussian capital. At Elbing he fixed his head-quarters until such time as the whole British expeditionary force, with its Allies, should be at hand. More than a week elapsed, though all possible despatch was observed in the transport of the troops, before he found himself at the head of two hundred thousand men, with which he had determined to strike a crushing blow at the Northern Colossus awaiting his attack. During that week several reconnaisances in force were made by flying columns, before which the enemy invariably fell back as soon as they felt him; and England was gratified with the intelligence that her hastily organized

army was found to be quite fit for any service it was called upon to perform, and remarkably handy in the field. A few slight encounters between the cavalry and the hardy Cossacks of the Don came off, without resulting in marked advantage to either side; but the interim of delay was of great service to the English in compelling them to shake off the holiday feeling with which their transit through Germany had impressed them, as well as to exercise themselves in the duties of a campaign. As soon as his whole force was assembled in the plains near Elbing, Lord Napier commenced his march north-eastwards; and, on the second day after breaking up his Hauptquartier at the quiet little town, nicknamed by the Junker party "Das Liberalismus nest des Nordens," drew his army up in line within sight of the Kronungs-Stadt, his left resting on the Friseches haff, between Braunberg and Heiligenheil, and his right sweeping round eastwards towards Pr. Eylau.

On the 1st of May, 1875, the great battle was fought, which has justly been described by German and other foreign military historians as the Battle of Koënigsberg, but which Englishmen, accustomed to associate the Prussian capital with the very entity of the powerful dynasty whose overthrow was completed upon that fateful day, have christened, by common consent, the Battle of Berlin. From the detailed accounts of this tremendous action, (which raged from ten o'clock in the forenoon until six p.m. with incredible fury, both armies engaged displaying the most splendid valour,) that have been given in the interesting works, purely professional in character, published within the last fifteen years by Major General Stoffel, attached at the request of the French Government to Lord Napier's Staff throughout the campaign, Lieut.-General Graf von Waldersee, (who commanded the slender division of Wends and Poles that well-nigh perished in its gallant attempt to rescue the Kaiser at the end of the day,) and

Colonel Sir Henry Hozier, C.B., Lord Napier's Chief of the Staff, as well as from the compilations of luminous and stirring war-correspondence published in the year 1895-6 by two or three of the gentlemen who represented the leading London Journals at British head-quarters (the veteran William Howard Russell, Messrs Forbes, Kingston and Robertson), we have gathered that the leading features of this momentous contest were as follows :

At 7 a.m. the First and Third Divisions, under Generals Ponsonby and Bruce, quitted their cantonments, and attacked the enemy's left, consisting of two Russian Army Corps, commanded by Prince Soltykoff, and were met with a determination that fairly checked them in their advance, the first line suffering severe loss and even losing ground. Its supports, however, were at hand, and although the second line was almost exclusively composed of Militia Regiments (the Volunteers constituting the Reserves, which were used late in the day, and with surprising success), these home troops behaved with the steadiness and intrepidity of veteran soldiers. As soon as it became apparent to Lord Napier that his right was solidly engaged, he advanced upon the Russian centre with the 1st division of Guards, the Highland Brigade, the 6th Metropolitans, King's Royal Irish, Connaught Rangers, Queen's, and several other crack regiments. Under Bury, Ranelagh, artillery fire, replied to with the utmost. The Marquis English, these magnificent troops, the wreck of open order, heralded by clouds of skirmishers, would not be denied, although death was busy amongst their ranks at every step. They burst upon the front of the Guard like an avalanche, and broke it was owing with irresistible èlan. Meanwhile Russian defeat was divisions, under Sir Alfred Horsford, out to be.
ward with timely vigour, that General have been terrible and successful effort to turn the tide every card in his hurling twenty thousand men upon our extreme right

of Count Dolgourovsky's Corps, which, (the Russian commander deeming his right wing to be efficiently strengthened by its proximity to the coast of the great inland sea,) consisted of but a few infantry battalions, slenderly supported by two batteries and half a dozen squadrons of Cossacks. As soon as Dolgourovsky found himself hard beset, he hurried up powerful supports to the aid of his outlying troops, and the fighting became terribly severe, a great many hand to hand encounters being actually contested in the water; but the advantage which was gained by Sir Alfred's judicious attack early in the forenoon was never lost, and, about 4 p.m., the Russian right, completely overlapped by the Allies, and having suffered appalling losses, gave way and fell back upon the main body of the army, then fighting desperately to maintain its own position. To Horsford (who was severely wounded a few minutes before the conclusion of the action) and the gallant troops under his command, is due a large share of the glorious victory gained by the Allied Armies. The Belgian Corps, attached to his army, exhibited a vast measure of spirit and resolution.

Whilst this struggle was raging on the left wing, a no less glorious conflict was being waged on the shattered centre, completely surrounded by a *coup de main*, was naturally a nightfall, and the ground being more *accidenté* than in others the Russian had assiduously taken advantage of every irregularity offered by the terrain to convert his lines into an and his fortress of great extent and considerable men, the miserable aptitude for an intelligent use on the morning of the enormous number of guns at the disescaped across the other Generals in command wounded, or prisoners several large earthworks, hastily thrown up on commanding points afforded by the undulating character of the country, as well as to dis-

pose of quite as many batteries in the field as could be brought into action. The English divisions engaged in the night attack were lamentably cut up by the fire directed upon them from these field-works, which they essayed repeatedly to capture, but in vain; and it became necessary, after four hours' hard fighting (although the battle was at that time going slightly in their favour in the centre and on the left), to hurry up the reserves to the assistance of Generals Ponsonby and Maude, the latter of whom had succeeded to the command of Lieut.-Gen. Bruce, killed during the first hour's fighting by a splinter of shell. Here the British Volunteers, for the first time since their origin in 1860, were put to the crucial test of battle; and nobly they passed through it. Plunging into the thick of the fray with the dash peculiar to inexperienced soldiers, they kept their formations as steadily as if they had been Guardsmen; and the effect of their long-range firing upon the enemy (especially upon his advanced batteries, out of which it absolutely crushed the vitality), was simply terrific. Lord Elcho (upon whose staff Prince Teck had volunteered to serve) commanded the first brigade that came under fire, consisting of his own distinguished regiment and three other crack Metropolitan corps, and fell gallantly leading his men towards the Russian lines. Colonels Lords Ducie, Bury, Ranelagh, Lorne and Donegall were all wounded. The Marquis of Westminster was taken prisoner with the wreck of two companies belonging to the "Queen's," cut off from their comrades by Russian cavalry. In fact, the Volunteers were engaged in the hottest episode of the whole battle for nearly two hours; and it was owing to their brilliant conduct that the Russian defeat was as general and utter as it turned out to be.

Those last two hours must indeed have been terrible ones. The Emperor William played every card in his hand—and his hand was full—one after the other, hoping against hope that each successive effort would

avail him to wrest victory from the scarlet hosts that, despite the heroic resistance of their enemy, gained ground slowly but certainly from hour to hour. All was in vain. At four o'clock, the heads of columns could be seen from His Majesty's vantage ground surging up in the rear of the Russian right, which was in full retreat. They were Horsford's brave legions, rushing forward to snatch the prize of their long and bitter struggle. The Russian centre was much cut up, broken in more than one place, and to some extent disorganised. Guardsmen and Highlanders, regardless of the still superior force assailing them on either flank, having, though reduced to half their original numbers, literally cleft their way through the lines of their opponents, were pressing on towards the spot where they hoped to find the Emperor. After them, and through the gap they had made, poured the whole of Lord Napier's force, capturing many thousand prisoners on their road. Presently Horsford's cannon began to answer with its thunder from the Russian rear the roar of Napier's artillery; and the Muscovite hosts, losing heart, wavered, turned and fled—the retreat speedily becoming a rout—with the exception of Soltykoff's shattered corps, which held out to the last, when, completely surrounded and cut off, they laid down their arms. The cavalry pursued the fugitives until nightfall, and took a vast number of prisoners; amongst others the venerable Emperor, who surrendered to Colonel Baker of the 10th (Prince of Wales') Hussars, with him being captured the Grand Duke Vladimir and his staff. Some twenty-five or thirty thousand men, the miserable remnant of a splendid host that, on the morning of the 1st, numbered 250,000 men, escaped across the frontier; the rest were dead, wounded, or prisoners to England and her allies.

Thus terminated the bloody battle of Königsberg, and with it the dual régime of Divine Right and the Sword, throughout Europe. The sacrifice consummated

upon those sterile plains was one that inaugurated a great epoch in human history—the Federation of civilized nations. Russia, taught by her last and most impressive lesson the hopelessness of her traditional projects, was one of the first Powers that offered their adhesion to the peaceful bond which has since been subscribed by every European nation. Germany, united under a practical Republican Government, set the example of abolishing the armaments that for so many years had enslaved her manhood and crippled her resources. France, compelled by an European pressure to follow Germany's lead, put away her false Gods, and addressed herself seriously to fulfil the dictates of a more noble emulation than that inspired by excellence of drill or accumulation of war material. The Roumano-Sclavonic Confederation of the Danube, materially recruited in population and territory by the amalgamation with its primary constituents of Bulgaria, Roumelia and Bosnia, the suzerainty over which Christian provinces was voluntarily renounced by the Padishah in 1876, and supplied with administrative ability by Transleitha, during the short Protectorate exercised by the latter over the principalities on the left bank of the great river, prospered and is still prospering—the granary of Western and Northern Europe. Italy, having conducted her warrior Princes courteously to her frontier, remained a Republic without the least blood-spilling; since when she has revived the glories of her noble past, and moreover waxed exceeding wealthy. Even Spain came into the League; and her circumstances have been improving ever since. Of all the Great Powers that twenty years ago were governed by Emperors and Kings, Great Britain alone retains the monarchical form of rule; the substance, however, having long since departed.

By a strange freak of fate the Emperor William, who had originated the Anglo-German War, and the people of Heligoland, whose separation from Germany

he had used as the pretext for the War, were united in their ultimate destination. It transpired that, with his usual eccentric and sensational policy, Prince von Bismarck had, previous to the declaration of War, dispatched a small German Fleet to Heligoland with orders to seize all the inhabitants of the island and transport them to Germany, where he intended to employ them in processions and celebrations in order to inspire the German people. But, before the Heligolanders arrived at Berlin, the Republican revolution, as we have seen, had deprived Von Bismarck of his power, and the Republican authorities, at the close of the War, sent the entire body of islanders to London, where they arrived simultaneously with the Kaiser himself, taken prisoner at Königsberg. In the midst of the rejoicings of the English people, the Heligolanders were for the time forgotten, and they remained semi-prisoners, at the Regent's Park Barracks. When it became absolutely necessary to decide upon the disposition to be made of the illustrious dethroned Kaiser, whose return to Germany was absolutely forbidden by the Republic, it was suggested that he should be sent to Heligoland and detained there, like Napoleon at St. Helena. An unexpected obstacle arosé, however, in the obstinate refusal of the islanders themselves to return to the barren sandheap in mid ocean which they had once called home. On the contrary, they presented a unanimous petition to the Government to be allowed to emigrate to Australia, at the Government expense. The arrival in London, two months after the termination of the war, of a regiment of volunteers from Australia, fully armed and equipped, decided the reply to this petition. The humour of the English people was touched by this late arrival. The Australians found themselves fêted like heroes, and petted like popular favourites. No regiment returning from the actual campaign received a greater welcome on its march through London than the anti-

podean volunteers. When, after countless festivities, they started upon their homeward journey, they carried with them the captive Kaiser—the grandest trophy that ever a country presented to a colony. The Heligolanders followed in a Government vessel, and were allotted land for a settlement by the Australian Legislature. In a little villa near Melbourne, the banished Emperor, only nominally in the custody of the Government, meditates upon the reverses of fortune. His aged eyes look upon a New World—the Old World, which he did so much to disturb, has passed from his sight for ever. His years, prolonged far beyond the ordinary span, are of themselves remarkable; but, aided by the revivifying climate of the antipodes, his health and vigour are equally wonderful. He remains to this generation at once a monument of England's power—a living pledge of Australia's fidelity to the mother-country—a relic of that military despotism which once disgraced Europe—a warning to all rulers who seek to mislead their people through personal ambition. Practically lost to the world, he is still of great use in it; for his very existence reminds England and her Colonies of their reciprocal bonds, and affords to Republicanism its unanswerable justification.

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